Free Loue; No Law.

A Strange Sect in Delaware Which Defies the United States.

They Exchange Wives and Declare They Cannot Commit Sin.

Dance and Shout Like Howling Dervishes, to the Horror of Their Neighbors.

TAKE A METHODIST CHURCH BY STORM.

A Visit to the Prophetess of the Sanctificationists-Some of the Queer Practices in Which They Indulge.

There is a remarkable sect in Delaware which daily sets in defiance the laws of the United States. The offence which for years called forth the sternest prosecution by the Government against the disciples of Brigham Young is one of the cardinal principles of this singular people. Efforts to cause them to cease their practices and appeals to the authorities have alike been useless. So utterly without results have been these efforts and appeals that those who have made them have accepted what appears to be the inevitable, and the practices are in full tide.

The members of this sect are known as Sanctificationists. They claim to base their teachings on the Bible. When a convert is sanctified he can sin no more, according to their belief. Most of them are negroes, although in some places a

are negroes, although in some places a few of the poorer and more ignorant whites have joined them. The sect had its origin in Virginia, where the new teachings spread rapidly among the colored people. In almost every town where they have settled public sentiment or public threats have frightened the faithful either into leaving the place or in a measure concealing their practices.

A colony of Sanctificationists is located at Bridgeville, and to learn something of the new sect and their teachings a Journal representative spent a day with the believers in that place. Bridgeville is a town of about one thousand inhabitants, in the very heart of the great peach-growing State, and is about as slow and unprogressive a place as one could imagine; but the Sanctificationists are a topic of interest to every one. Indeed, during the Fall the town was stirred to white heat regarding them, and there was grave talk of expelling them.

I inquired at the station of a tall, lank man, in very light and solled attire, the best and shortest way to find some specimens of the new faith. He shifted from one cheek to another the quid of tobacco he was chewing, leaned heavily against the



"The Bible Says 'Ye Shall Be Persecuted and All Manner Spoken Falsely About You." (Drawn from life by a Journal staff artist.)

pholite to two was alreed to white heat or expediment the author the south and a value in the man, in very limit and solide at this the man, in very limit and solide at this the man, in very limit and solide at this the man, in very limit and solide at the solide to make the man of the



Harold Walsh, the Little Actor.

blacks and the ignorant white people that have anything to do with them.

Over on Chincoteague blacks, whose code of morals is the height of immorality.

Oh, they had to quit it. They meet around at each other's houses now and keep up great powwowings there. Their services last sometimes reviewed has sometimes from moraing till night without a minute for anything to eat. Nobody has interfered with them. They live out in the colored quarter away from the town and there is little communication. It was only when they got marching and praying and creating a Sabbath excitement out when excitement out when excitement out is were wrong and very demoralizin', as well hath excitement out is disturbled to the colored of the country. Nobody seemed to think it their place to do any when they got marching around the street yelling and praying and creating a Sabbath excitement out when they got marching around the street with them. This live one moraling till night with out of the Methodis' faith. They did not bother yelling and praying and creating a Sabbath excitement out when they got marching around the street yelling and praying and creating a Sabbath excitement out their color of the community, but their doll's were not right. You know their doll's were not right to sold the present. The present of thing had got to stop or I should take a way to make it. Since then they have quieted down. They say the extra wives have gone home for the present. but I don't know. Over in Maryland, where the Sanctificationists were strong from good. Our people want none of than.

"Over at Chincotengue Island they had an awful time with them. Chincotengue for good. Our people want none of that.

"Over at Chincotengue Island they had an awful time with them." Chincotengue for good

where the Sanctificationists were strong, they took the Methodis' and run things for good. Our people want none of that, "Over at Chinecoteague Island they had an awful time with them. Chincoteague at Island on the southeast coast of Maryland. Everybody there was taken up the carried on high, marriy, whom they would and don' as they would. You know that they think when they are sanctified they can sha ao more. At last the law-abiding, ethics to could stand it an once, and they were driven from the place. Ics, there cord, at Selbyville, at Williamsburg. Those we have here were led off by a crowd that came here from Selbyville, among them that woman preacher, who seems to be the ringleader about this part of the country without a Summer resort. All the bull they have been to be the ringleader about this part of the Sanctified living down the road here, but I would not advise you to try to take them. They will not tell you anything, and will likely not treat you well."

Mr. Waters's family seemed to regard the Sanctified living down the road here, but I would not advise you to try to take to me. They will not tell you anything, and will likely not treat you well.

Mr. Waters's family seemed to regard the same to be the ringleader about the parties of the daughters.

"The way they epopel get their wives is odd enough. They say they go apart and pray for a day, thinking about the man or woman is then informed that he or she has been selected, and no matter frow many have been such as the middle way and the proper we man and told him God had chosen him for her husband, and selected some on outside of the band. She prayed the hand, so I have not level a baptismal creamony, I was told that the woman left the band because her husband and selected some one outside of the band. She prayed the hand of the province of the substand of the daughters was every to be answered. The man or woman is then informed that he or that one would have thrashed her.

"The marriages have been among the band of him God had chosen him for her of objected as long as the le had not come into her s, the two wives usually twell."

In husband managed to supples, and was told that the well as the husband."

Paradoctent.

[Providence Bulletin.]

Mrs. Ormiston Chant has been telling some girls in Boston that "music is the great peace angel that sings the peace anthem over the earth." And yet Mrs. Chant tried to close the London music halls.

An Actor at Six.

Little Harold Walsh, of "A Woman's Reason" Company, an Artist.

He Captures Audiences with His Clever Work, Ease and Grace.

Personality of the Lad Who Has Made a Hit at the Empire Theatre.

HE LIKES LIFE ON THE STAGE.

Comes from a Family of Theatrical People, and His One Ambition Is to Become a Great Actor-His Life at Home.

Harold Walsh, the infantile member of the "A Woman's Reason" company now playing at the Empire Theatre, though but six years old, has already had considerable experience on the stage, having been there since he could talk.

He has made a hit in his part. He handies it with an ease and grace rarely if ever found in such youthful stage folk. There is an air about him that entirely dispels any suspicion that a tortured mother is concealed behind the wings muttering his lines to him. He knows what

he has to say, and how to say it.

Harold is the same manly little chap off the stage as he is on it. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Walsh, reside in Patchogue, but they have taken apartments near the theatre, so as to be with the boy. They are theatrical people them-selves. Their daughter Mabel, new twelve years old, used to be a very clever Little Lord Fauntieroy.

A Journal reporter, who called at Har-

old's house the other day, found him playing "Indian," the lad's favorite amusement. Two feathers from a duster were stuck in his hat, and he was shooting at a mark on a door with a bow and arrow. "Mamma promised me," he said, "that if I made a hit in my part I could have a bow and some arrows. Mabel promised me a Chinese doll, and papa gave me a nice box of candy," and Harold showed the trophies of his victory at the Em-

"I am going to keep my bow and arrows," he continued, "until we go down home again next Summer."

ing the prospects of "The Strange Ad-

Harold Plays His Dramatic Scene with Elsie De Wolff as Naturally as a Veteran.